

15

THE
CHOICE of APOLLO:
A
S E R E N A T A.

As performed at the
LITTLE THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

Written by JOHN POTTER.

The MUSIC composed by Mr. WILLIAM YATES.

acted March 15th



L O N D O N:
Printed for C. HENDERSON, under the Royal Exchange.

MDCCLXV.

[Price Six-Pence.]

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SERENATA.

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A R G U M E N T.

The Sister Arts, *Poetry, Painting, and Music*, complain to *Britannia*, of being neglected by the *Britons*. *Britannia* unwilling the Polite Arts should decay, yet unable to direct them in the Choice of a Patron; advises their soliciting the Assistance of *Apollo*. This is done while he is celebrating with the *Muses*, the Praise of *Jupiter*. He directs them to address the Throne of *Britain*, intimating, that his *Britannic Majesty*, as a Lover and Admirer of the Polite Arts, will encourage and protect them.

Dramatis Personæ.

APOLLO.

MERCURY.

BRITANNIA.

POETRY.

PAINTING.

MUSIC.

The MUSES.

I C H O R U S.

T H E

CHOICE of APOLLO.

Britannia, seated on a Throne, on the Banks of the River Thames.

R E C I T A T I V E, *Accompanied.*

B R I T A N N I A.

IMMORTAL Jove! from yon blest'd Seat above,
Look down, and crown me with supernal Love!
Grant that my Sons in Art, as Arms, may rise,
And fill each distant Nation with Surprise.

A I R.

*Now War and Tumults cease,
In Britain's happy Land,
O! may the Arts encrease,
And Science bear command:
May Commerce's swelling Tide,
Transport her Riches here;
May Greatness free from Pride,
In ev'ry Place appear.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ah! what are these, that hither bend their Way?

(Enter the Sister Arts.)

Such Visitants as you, I seldom see!

B

C H O R U S

6 *The CHOICE of APOLLO.*

CHORUS of the Sister Arts, and their Followers.

*Hail Britannia! hail to thee!
Great Patroness of Liberty!
Behold! Behold! before thy Shrine,
We here implore thy Aid divine.*

RECITATIVE.

BRITANNIA.

Daughters of Science, I with Pleasure grant,
Be what it will that you submit to ask.
Soon, soon declare, nor keep me in Suspense;
My Bosom beats with Extacy divine,
To know the Cause that makes me now so blest.

A I R.

POETRY.

*O say! where is Protection flown,
Why must we now regardless lie?
Will no kind Friend our Labours own,
Must Art and Science sink and die?*

PAINTING.

*Inspire thy Sons to gain Applause,
And raise the Arts in Britain's Land
O thou Supreme! support our Cause,
And make them own your just Command.*

MUSIC.

*Protect us while we raise a Throne,
Shall fill the World with glad Surprise;
Soon, soon, shall distant Cities own,
Here Arts and Science best can rise.*

I

RECI-

The CHOICE of APOLLO.

7

RECITATIVE.

BRITANNIA.

I grieve to think, that you should ever want,
A kind Protection for your great Designs,
Nor do I know on whom to lay the Charge.—
But if I may presume to give Advice,
Quick to *Parnassus*' Summit bend your Way :
There supplicate *Apollo*.—

A I R.

*To him your humble Suit address,
Nor dread to know your Fate ;
For distant Nations all confess,
He loves the Good and Great :
In him the Arts and Learning shine,
And more than Mortals know,
All Science and all Art divine,
To him alone we owe.*

A I R.

POETRY.

O Goddess, we with Pleasure bear
The kind Advice you give ;
O Goddess, we with Pleasure bear,
And thankfully receive.

RECITATIVE.

BRITANNIA.

“ The Sister Muses fir'd with heav'nly Love,
“ Will tune their Harps and charm the Blest above.”

B 2

ARIET.

The CHOICE of APOLLO.

ARIET.

*" Harmonious Voices and seraphic Strains,
" Melt in sweet Preludes round the blest Domains."*

RECITATIVE.

Such Charms as these will draw *Apollo* down,
To grant your Suit, and all your Wishes crown.

A I R.

PAINTING.

*Long may your Sons, with Freedom crown'd,
Be blest as much as Mortals may;
Far may their Fame be spread around,
And distant Nations Homage pay.*

MUSIC.

*May Peace and Plenty gayly smile,
To animate each free-born Son;
And blest Britannia's sov'reign Isle,
Till hoary Time his Course has run.*

*The MUSES seated on Mount Parnassus, singing and playing:
Mercury attending.*

CHORUS.

*Almighty Jove, to thee we raise,
With Joy our greatful Songs of Praise!
We see eternal Goodness shine,
And taste the Sweets of Love divine:
May'st thou be prais'd from Pole to Pole,
With boundless Fervency of Soul.*

RECI-

The CHOICE of APOLLO. 9

RECITATIVE.]

MERCURY.

Behold! behold! the God of Day descend!
The Source of Science, and the Muse's Friend.

Apollo descends in the Chariot of the Sun.

A I R.

APOLLO.

* *You that tuneful Numbers love,
Daughters of Immortal Jove;
Welcome are your Songs of Praise,
Which to Heav'n's high Throne you raise;
Quickly tune the vocal Shell,
Let your dulcet Music swell;
Peace and Plenty come along,
Join the tributary Song.*

A I R.

MERCURY.

*Fame, your sprightly Trumpet sound,
Gentle Echo's quick rebound;
Let each Hill and Valley sing,
Praises to our mighty King:
Quickly tune the vocal Shell,
Let your dulcet, &c.*

(Enter the Sister Arts.)

* This and the following Stanza, are taken with little Alteration from an Ode published by the Author in the Year 1755.

10 *The* CHOICE of APOLLO.

RECITATIVE.

POETRY.

Hail, great *Apollo*! God of Arts divine!
To thee we supplicate, to thee we sue.—
Behold, behold the Sister Arts dismay'd,
With dread Submission, ask supernal Aid.

A I R.

POETRY.

*Let our Complaints your Pity move,
In deep Distress we sue;
Let our Complaints your Pity move,
We have no Friend but you:
A Patron grant in Britain's Isle,
Who will the Arts protect,
With Pleasure on our Labours smile,
Nor treat us with Neglect.*

RECITATIVE.

APOLLO.

No more, no more——your Wants shall be reliev'd:
I feel your Grief——*Apollo* is your Friend.

A I R.

*Welcome Nature's Darlings here,
Banish Sorrow, banish Fear;
A Patron will support your Cause,
And give to other Nations Laws.*

RECI-

The CHOICE of APOLLO. II

RECITATIVE.

Hear then *Apollo's Choice* to make you blest.—
“ Prefer your Wishes to the Throne with Speed,
“ Nor will the *Queen* disdain to intercede :”
Great Britain shall, as much as Mortals may,
O'er Art preside, and over Science sway.

RECITATIVE.

POETRY.

Thanks to *Apollo* for this kind Advice,
Which instantly with Joy we'll execute.

RECITATIVE.

APOLLO.

Ere you return, with us your Voices raise,
To England's *Welfare* and to England's *King* :
“ And join his Praise with her's who is serene,
“ *Queen of the Island, that's of Islands Queen.*”

SEMI-CHORUS.

*Joy-Inspirers quick advance,
Join the jocund Song and Dance :
Mirth and Music haste away,
And celebrate this Holyday.*

A I R.

The CHOICE of APOLLO.

A I R.

A P O L L O.

*No more the Sound of hostile Arms,
Shall rend the Skies with dread Alarms,
Proud France shall own his just Command,
And pay Obedience to his Land:
Sweet Peace shall bless his future Reign,
And wear her Olive Crown again.*

F U L L C H O R U S.

*Through all the distant Realms around,
Let gay Festivity be found:
And let each joyful Briton sing,
Loud Io's of God save the King.*

F I N I S.